

Psychopathic Rydas

"Back 2 Crack"

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I, I tried momma
I tried
You lookin at me check yourself lil' bitch
Mad at the rydas cause we all rich and shit
Think about what you used to have
And what you don't have now
Trying to hate on me with a glass dick in your mouth
Used to represent in Cleveland black trucks with the
bumps
Drive through the car wash now see you work and wash
my shit punk
You had all the bitches, paper, no trouble
Now your ass is up in the air gettin banged out for
pebbles
I don't give a fuck it's like a horse with a broken leg
An old crusty ass broken down piece of shit
What's next?
Next time I see ya
I pull out my heater
And meltin your brain with hot lead you muthafucka
I can't take it no more
I gave it everything I had
Back on the bottom and everything is lookin bad
Face mad cause I'm hungry and I'm broke as fuck
I see your man on the corner and you know he's stuck
He out of luck in the wrong place at the wrong time
I give a fuck if he blind
All his money mine
On the dime I whip the gat out
Handles slippery cause I'm sweaty
He tried to move so I'ma pull this lead out
Check his pockets loose change and a note
Sayin I used to be a rapper I'ma joke
Hooked on dope and I don't wanna live, damn
Please somebody kill me and end this life big
Back 2 crack I'm all fuckin tried
Slangin' them dub tapes out the hoop ride
I tried, I tried to be a hip-hop star
But this rap shit didn't go far, go far
Back 2 crack I'm all fuckin tried
Slangin' them dub tapes out the hoop ride
I tried, I tried to be a hip-hop star

But this rap shit didn't go far, go far
Hand me that muthafuckin crack pipe

I wanna smoke me a pebble
I'm through tryin to be a rebel
I used to follow them hip-hop tours
Handin my demos out at backstage doors
I'm through trying to be the next Dr. Dre
I'd rather just smoke this rock away
Phoney deals, contracts, labels snakes everywhere
Shit...
I heard that niggas from the hood was goin way out
Returning back to the hood servin fools like a paper
route
Scroungin up whatever loot they got to buy a key
But if ranchers grew weed like record sales and
popularity
Back to the corner slangin loose and clumps
Gotta live ghetto fabulous with rims and bumps
Gotta have the fuckin heater cause my hands are
stingin
Coming back in 2's and 3's tryin to peel your cap
Cause occasionally you serve a lemon head delight
But you think them heads are stupid
Cause it's dark at night
Plus you gotta get yours
By any means it's on again
But you record slangin yayhoo
How the fuck can you win
Back 2 crack I'm all fuckin tried
Slangin' them dub tapes out the hoop ride
I tried, I tried to be a hip-hop star
But this rap shit didn't go far, go far
Momma, mamma I tried
I just, I just couldn't do it
I mean, I mean damn you never helped a mufucka
I mean, I'm sorry mamma
That's just drugs talkin mamma
Momma I'm sorry
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